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SUPER POWERS

1935 DC 1985

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NEW YORK'S FAMED TIMES SQUARE:
YOU NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO RUN INTO AT THIS FABLED SPOT, BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE READIED YOURSELF TO EXPECT --
--THREE OF THE EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE ON THE LIST!
BELOW US, MY FRIENDS! THERE IS WHERE WE WILL FIND ONE OF THE DEADLY SEEDS OF DOOM MENACING EARTH.
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING, RED TORNADO. ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE DARKSEID'S POD IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LANDED?
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, HAWKMAN-- THIS IS THE PLACE! EVEN IF IT'S HIDDEN, WE GOTTA FIND IT FAST--
--OR EARTH IS DOOMED!
G-1931

WHEN PAST AND PRESENT MEET!

PAUL KUPPERBERG *WRITER* · JACK KIRBY *ARTIST* · GREG THEAKSTON *INKER* · JOE ORLANDO *COLORIST* · CODY *LETTERER* · ANDY HELFER *EDITOR*

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I KNOW, GREEN ARROW! FIVE OF THOSE SEEDS HAVE LANDED ALL AROUND THE PLANET... GROWING ROOTS DOWN TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!

AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WILL DO TO THE WORLD --

--EXCEPT THAT IT CANNOT BE ANYTHING GOOD IF DARKSEID OF APOKOLIPS IS BEHIND IT!

YOU SAID IT, REDDY. WE NEVER WOULD'VE EVEN KNOWN THAT CREEP WAS THE CULPRIT IF MARTIAN MANHUNTER HADN'T RADIOED A REPORT OF HIS ENCOUNTER WITH DESAAD IN ENGLAND!

ER... PERHAPS WE SHOULD BEGIN OUR SEARCH... WE ARE ATTRACTING QUITE A CROWD.

YEAH, MAYBE THEY CAN HELP US. HEY-- ANYBODY SEEN A BIG POD AROUND HERE?

AWRIGHT! WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS ABOUT--?!

LEMME THROUGH HERE! I'M NOT GONNA HAVE ANY TROUBLE ON MY BEAT! NOW, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

OH, NO?! THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST... ULP! YOU... YOU'RE... GULP!... SOME'A THOSE SUPER POWER GUYS!

SORRY, OFFICER. WE DIDN'T MEAN TO DRAW A CROWD!

YES, OFFICER -- AND WE'RE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION ON WHICH RESTS THE SURVIVAL OF EARTH!

ON MY BEAT?! HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO EXPLAIN THAT TO MY CHIEF? I... HUH? ER... WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. TORNADO?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT... A SCREAM?!

NO, OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T! YOU DO NOT HAVE MY ENHANCED ANDROID HEARING!

FOLLOW ME, MY COMPANIONS! WE MAY HAVE LOCATED THE OBJECT OF OUR SEARCH!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, REDDY!

SO AM I! IF THERE'S GOING TO BE A HASSLE, I WANT IN!

YOU'VE GOT IT, OFFICER... ONLY, WE'RE DEALING WITH A REAL HIGH-POWER SUPER BADDY HERE... NAMED DARKSEID! THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THAT?

ARE YOU KIDDING? I'VE BEEN A COP IN NEW YORK FOR TWENTY YEARS. I CAN HANDLE ANYTHING!

I FEAR THIS SITUATION MAY FALL OUTSIDE THE REALM OF EVEN YOUR EXPERIENCE, OFFICER... LOOK!

OUTTA MY WAY!

IT... IT'S TERRIBLE!

A BOMB! IT'S A BOMB... AND IT'S GONNA EXPLODE!

OH... MY... GOSH!

W-WHAT IS THAT... THAT *THING*?!

ALL I KNOW IS, IF IT'S A GIFT FROM *DARKSEID*, WE *AIN'T* GONNA *LIKE* IT!

THE WAY IT'S *PULSATING*-- IT LOOKS *ALIVE*! AND WHAT ARE THOSE *ROOTS* DOING--?!

I DO NOT *KNOW*, HAWKMAN, BUT AS GREEN ARROW *SAID*, IT CAN BE NOTHING *GOOD*. WE MUST *STOP* ITS MALIGNANT GROWTH, AND THE *FASTEST* MEANS TO *THAT* END --

IS TO TEAR IT OUT... BY ITS *ROOTS*!

STAND BACK, MY FRIENDS! I SHALL HAVE THAT ACCOMPLISHED...

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...IN A MOME... NNNNGHHH!

GREAT THANAGAR! THE POD'S GOT DEFENSES AGAINST ATTACK...THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR TORNADO!

DON'T WORRY, TORNADO. I'VE GOT YOU. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I... I AM FINE. MY CIRCUITS WERE MOMENTARILY OVERLOADED.

YOU HAD THE RIGHT IDEA, REDDY--JUST THE WRONG APPROACH. THE WHOLE IDEA'S NOT TO TOUCH THAT SUCKER--

--EXCEPT FROM A DISTANCE! YOU WITH ME, OFFICER?

NAME'S WILSON, ARROW... AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR ME!

KPOW!

BANG! BANG!

HUH?! HOLY SMOKE-- WE DIDN'T TOUCH IT! THAT BABY'S PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING!

paTING

THWABOOM!

TINK!

SO IT SEEMS, ARROW! WE'D BETTER THINK BEFORE WE HIT IT AGAI--HUH?!

THE POD'S EXPLODING WITH LIGHT... BLINDING ME!

WAIT... THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE! WHAT'S THAT-- COMIN' OUT OVER THE POD?!

I AM ADJUSTING MY VISUAL SENSORS, GREEN ARROW! I WILL KNOW IN A MOMENT--!

THE SUBWAY FILLS WITH AN EXPLOSIVE RUSH OF AIR, AND SINISTER, MOCKING LAUGHTER...

...WHILE WE TURN OUR ATTENTION A QUARTER OF A MILLION MILES SPACEWARD, TO THE CHILLING, SILENT SURFACE OF THE MOON...

...THE NEW, TEMPORARY HOME OF THE SINISTER--

--DARKSEID! PARDON MY INTRUSION, MASTER--

--BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WISH TO HEAR MY REPORT! HOWEVER, IF IT WOULD MEAN DISTURBING YOUR MEDITATIONS, I SHALL...

CEASE YOUR WITLESS PRATTLING, DESAAD!

I WAS MERELY OBSERVING THE PLANET WHICH SHALL SOON BE MINE...

...THUS, ANY MATTER CONCERNING THAT GOAL IS ONE I WISH TO HEAR... IMMEDIATELY!

AT ONCE, MIGHTY ONE! I KNOW THAT SINCE YOU LOST CONTROL OF APOKOLIPS TO THE REVOLUTIONARY SWINE*, YOU HAVE HUNGERED TO MAKE EARTH YOUR OWN.

*SEE "THE HUNGER DOGS" GRAPHIC NOVEL FOR MORE INFO. --ANDY

I DON'T NEED YOU TO REMIND ME OF MY FAILURE, TOAD! ALL I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU IS THE PROGRESS OF MY SEEDS OF DOOM!

F-FORGIVE ME, MASTER! A-ALL IS WELL WITH OUR SCHEME...

THE PODS ARE IN PLACE ON EARTH, AND THE POWER OF THE *OMEGA EFFECT* IS CAUSING THEIR *ROOTS* TO GROW STEADILY DOWN TO THE PLANET'S *CORE*.!

AS EXPECTED, THE WORLD'S *HEROES* ARE TRYING TO *DESTROY* THEM...

...BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS *IMPOSSIBLE*... FOR *NOTHING* MAY STOP THE PODS' MISSION--

--TO *RELEASE* THE *MOLTEN ENERGY* OF EARTH'S CORE TO *RESHAPE* THAT WORLD INTO *YOUR* GLORIOUS IMAGE, GREAT DARKSEID!

YES... AND RESHAPE IT I *SHALL*!

MY SEEDS OF DOOM WILL CAUSE *UNTOLD* UPHEAVAL AND DESTRUCTION... AND WHEN THE FIRES AT LAST DIE DOWN--

--THOSE WHO *SURVIVE* SHALL LIVE ON... AS *MY SLAVES*!

AND THE HEROES-- THOSE *FOOLISH* HEROES-- HOW WOULD THEY FEEL IF THEY KNEW I *WISHED* THEIR INTERFERENCE...?

AHH, BUT MY PLANS ARE *NOT* FOR THEM TO KNOW. CARRY ON, DESAAD.

AS YOU COMMAND, GREAT DARKSEID!

...BUT NOR ARE *MY* PLANS FOR *YOUR* EARS, "MASTER"! I SHALL *FOLLOW* YOU *NOW*, DARKSEID--

--BUT WHEN THE TIME IS *RIPE*, DESAAD HAS HIS *OWN* PLANS... ONES THAT DO *NOT* INCLUDE *YOU*!!!

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE FAR OUT OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, MY FRIENDS. I WONDER *WHAT* WE'LL *FIND* THERE--?

NOTHING *GOOD*, I FEAR, WONDER WOMAN... MY *MAGICAL SENSES* DETECT A GREAT *EVIL* AWAITING US!

WELL, MY *POWER RING* HASN'T DETECTED ANYTHING UNUSUAL *YET*, DR. *FATE*... AND THERE'S OUR DESTINATION, DEAD AHEAD...

...*EASTER ISLAND!*

YES, IT'S RATHER *FITTING* THAT DARKSEID'S THREAT SHOULD LEAD US *HERE*... TO A PLACE SHROUDED IN *MYSTERY*.

THAT'S RIGHT... NOBODY REALLY KNOWS MUCH ABOUT EASTER ISLAND, DO THEY?

PERHAPS, BUT WE'RE HERE TO LOOK FOR DARKSEID'S POD--

THE ORIGINS OF THESE ANCIENT STATUES CAN ONLY BE *GUESSED* AT, GREEN LANTERN... THOUGH *SOME* CLAIM THAT THEY ARE GROUNDED IN *DARK MAGIC!*

--NOT UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF COLD AND *UNLIVING* STATUES. SHALL WE...?

AFTER YOU, WONDER WOMAN. THE SOONER WE DEAL WITH THIS, THE *BETTER* I'LL FEEL...

THE SOFT PACIFIC WINDS MASK THE SOUND OF COLD STONE SHIFTING IN THE SAND BEHIND THE HEROES...

...WHILE, BACK IN A NEW YORK SUBWAY TUNNEL, THE SOUNDS ARE QUITE LOUD... AND DEADLY!

I... I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

BELIEVE 'EM, OFFICER. WE'RE TALKING MAJOR LEAGUE NASTIES HERE... ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH...

...KALIBAK, THE CRUEL... THE SCOURGE OF APOKOLIPS! HA HA HA!

AYE, HEROES-- SURELY YOU DID NOT EXPECT MY MASTER TO LEAVE HIS PRECIOUS WORKS UNGUARDED, DID YOU?

NO... WE JUST NEVER THOUGHT HE'D SEND A BONEHEAD LIKE YOU TO DO IT, THAT'S ALL.

I SUGGEST WE DO MORE THAN HURL INSULTS AT HIM, GREEN ARROW... BEGINNING NOW!

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, TORNADO. LET'S GO!

HA HA! YOU AMUSE ME, FOOLS. I AM DARKSEID'S CHOSEN ENFORCER. HE WOULD NOT HAVE SENT ME IF I, AND ONLY I, COULD NOT DEFEAT YOU!

BAH! COME AT ME, THEN... AND LEARN FIRSTHAND THE AWESOME POWER OF KALIBAK!

KRHAM!

WE WILL PASS ON YOUR OFFER IN FAVOR OF TEACHING ONE TO YOU!

AND BELIEVE ME, KALIBAK, WE'RE BOTH REAL GOOD TEACHERS!

YOU ARE WELCOME TO TRY, HEROES--

--BUT KALIBAK ALREADY KNOWS ALL HE NEEDS! HA HA HA!

KRAK!

UGH!

HOLEE--KALIBAK'S BETA CLUB JUST BOUNCED OFF TORNADO--AND KNOCKED OUT HAWKMAN, TOO!

I-I'M THE ONLY ONE STANDING! I'D BETTER MAKE THIS GOOD!

YOU! YOU ARE THE ONE I WANT, HUMAN!

TOUGH LUCK, UGLY... 'CAUSE I SURE DON'T WANT YOU!

FREEZE, MISTER. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

DO NOT BE RIDICULOUS, FOOL... I WANT NOTHING FROM YOU! BUT THE ONE IN GREEN--HE IS THE HEROES' WEAKEST LINK!

HEY... MY BOW!

SNAP!

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING IT, GREEN ARROW... NOT WITH WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!

KALIBAK'S GOT ARROW... WE'D BETTER MOVE IT, TORNADO...

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...OR WE MAY BE *OUT* ONE FELLOW HERO! I'LL HEAD HIM OFF AT...*UH-OH!* SOMETHING'S HAPPENING... AND I DON'T LIKE THE *LOOKS* OF IT!

THAT IS *WISE* OF YOU, WINGED ONE--

--FOR ONCE THE POD'S VACUUM ENERGIES ARE ACTIVATED, I CAN *GUARANTEE* THAT ALL THAT AWAITS YOU...

...IS DEATH! HA HA HA HA HA HA!

HAWKMAN! GRAB MY HAND BEFORE YOU ARE DRAWN AFTER KALIBAK!

I...I'M *TRYING*, TORNADO... B-BUT THE SUCTION'S *TOO STRONG*...

WHOOOOSSSH!

...C-CAN'T... PULL... AWAAAYYYYYYY-

--THEY ARE GONE, AS THOUGH THEY WERE NEVER THERE AT ALL!

GREAT SCOTT!

WHAT IN SAM HILL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW...?!

RED TORNADO FEELS THE TUG OF THE POD'S MIGHTY FORCE, AND BEFORE HIS WHIRLWIND POWER CAN DRAW HIM BACK FROM ITS PULL, HE TOO IS CAUGHT UP BY IT, UNTIL, IN A SINGLE INSTANT--

WHEN HE AT LAST REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HAWKMAN DOES NOT KNOW HOW LONG HE HAS BEEN OUT.

-OOOH-

A FEW MINUTES... A HALF HOUR...?

HUH?! W-WHERE THE DEVIL AM I?! THIS JUNGLE...IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY I'VE EVER SEEN ON EARTH!

AND... WHERE'S RED TORNADO?

TORNADO!

COULD WE HAVE GOTTEN SEPARATED IN THAT... THAT WHATEVER IT WAS--?!

I AM NOT LOST, HAWKMAN...

...MERELY GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PREHISTORIC ERA. THEY ARE MOST FRIENDLY.

TORNADO! THANK GOODNESS!

WAIT--YOU SAID... "PREHISTORIC ERA"...?

I AM AFRAID SO, MY FRIEND. JUDGING FROM MY OBSERVATIONS, I WOULD SAY WE HAVE BEEN THRUST BACK THROUGH TIME...

...SOME 75 MILLION YEARS INTO THE PAST!

THE PRESENT.

I NEED SOME *BACKUP* HERE. I'D BETTER PHONE IN TO HEADQUARTERS AND GET SOME *HELP!*

SAVE YOUR *QUARTER*, OFFICER--

THERE'S NOTHING *THEY* CAN DO THAT *WE* CAN'T HANDLE *BETTER*.

HUH?! WHO..? GOOD GOSH-- *MORE* HEROES. BOY, AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU FELLAS!

THEN *OTHERS* HAVE ALREADY BEEN HERE? WHERE ARE THEY *NOW*, SIR?

IN *THERE*, *MARTIAN MANHUNTER*... THAT CRAZY SEED JUST *SWALLOWED* THEM ALL UP... ALONG WITH SOME BIG *HAIRY* GUY, NAMED KALIBAK.

WE KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS--A TRIP INTO THE *PAST*, JUST LIKE WHAT HAPPENED TO *US* IN ENGLAND.*

THEN... WE CAN ONLY STAND HERE AND WAIT... DOING *NOTHING*. WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING IF THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN INTO *YESTERDAY!*

*LAST ISSUE.--Andy.

"...OR A *MILLION* YEARS AGO!"

INCREDIBLE. MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT TORNADO COULDN'T *POSSIBLY* BE RIGHT--

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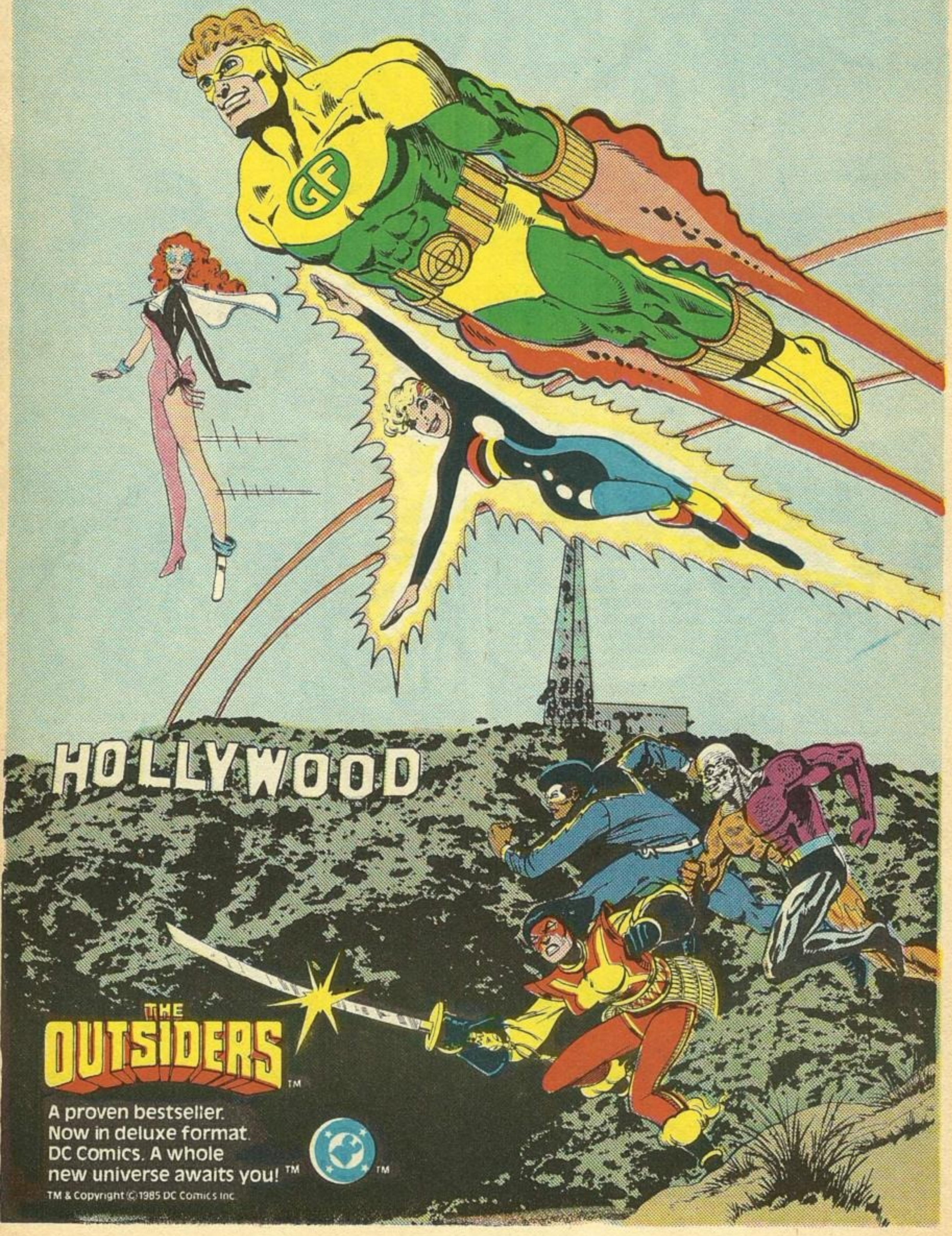
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

A new town, a new member, a new beginning!



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--THERE'S NO *DENYING* THE *EVIDENCE!*

EVEN IF I *WASN'T* THE CURATOR OF A *MUSEUM* IN MY SECRET IDENTITY, I'D STILL KNOW A *DINOSAUR* WHEN I SAW ONE...

...OR IN *THIS* CASE, *DOZENS* OF THEM!

NOW THE ONLY QUESTION LEFT IS WHETHER OR NOT KALIBAK AND ARROW ARE HERE *WITH* US.

IT'S A *CHILLING* THOUGHT, BUT THAT BRUTE MAY BE OUR ONLY HOPE OF GETTING HOME!

IF I CAN TEAR TORNADO AWAY FROM HIS LITTLE FURRY FRIENDS, WE CAN START A *SEARCH* TO SEE WHAT WE CAN... *WAIT!* BELOW-- SOME STRANGE *ACTIVITY*--

--*KALIBAK!* THAT SAVES US THE TROUBLE OF LOOKING FOR HIM... BUT THAT'S WHERE THE GOOD NEWS *STOPS.*

HE'S GIVING TORNADO A RUN FOR HIS MONEY... AND REDDY'S PREVENTED FROM FIGHTING BACK BECAUSE KALIBAK'S USING ARROW AS A *HUMAN SHIELD!*

HAWKMAN.! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BIRD MAN... YOU GOTTA STOP KALIBAK.! REMEMBER -- THE SEED'S STILL ACTIVE IN THE FUTURE!

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, ARROW -- AND GETTING KALIBAK'S TOPS ON MY LIST...

...ALONG WITH SEEING THAT IT HAPPENS WITHOUT YOU GETTING HURT!

WELCOME TO THE PAST, HAWKMAN.! I KNOW YOU ARE ANGERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE, BUT SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT TO DAMAGE THE BOULDER BOMBER WITH YOUR PUNY STRENGTH?!

NO -- BUT I DO EXPECT TO HOLD YOUR ATTENTION FOR A FEW SECONDS...

...AND I THOUGHT IT MIGHT JUST BE WORTH A TRY!

NO.! IT IS A TRICK.! YOU SEEK TO DISTRACT ME WHILE YOUR COMPANION FREES MY CAPTIVE --

-- BUT IT WILL NOT BE SO EASY, FOOLS.!

GREAT SCOTT --.! THAT MADMAN JUST STEERED HIS BOMBER OFF THE EDGE OF THIS CLIFF.!

BLAST.! COULDN'T YOU'VE WORKED FASTER, REDDY --?!

I DID MY BEST, ARROW --

-- THE REST IS UP TO YOU.!

YEAH, WELL, I SUPPOSE ONE HAND'S BETTER THAN NONE... AND I DO STILL HAVE MY QUIVER OF ARROWS --

--AND I GOTTA ADMIT, THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT GETTING ME OUT OF JAMS *BEFORE*...

...SO HERE'S HOPING THEY DON'T START FAILING ME *NOW*.!

ELECTRO-DISRUPTION ARROW... DO YOUR STUFF!

YKRACKLE

ARRRRGH.! WHAT IS *WRONG*...?! I... I HAVE *LOST CONTROL* OF THE MACHINE!

IT IS THE HEROES' DOING! BUT THEY ARE *WRONG* IF THEY BELIEVE KALIBAK TO BE SO *EASILY* DEFEATED!

FLUUUUT!

UH-OH! THE GROUND'S COMING AT ME AWFUL *FAST*.! I NEED ANOTHER COUPLE OF SECONDS TO GET *FREE* OF THESE ROPES--

--AND A WHOLE *LOT* OF LUCK TO AVOID GETTING *SPLATTERED* ON THE GROUND... *HIYA*, WINGS. MIND IF I *DROP IN*?

ER... I'D *WATCH* THE BAD JOKES IF YOU WANT ME TO *CATCH* YOU, ARROW!

I *BELIEVE* WE MAY HAVE JUST SCORED A *VICTORY*, MY FRIENDS. KALIBAK IS *DOWNED*!

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN WE'VE GOT HIM TRUSSED UP, REDDY--

--AND WE'VE RETURNED HOME TO 1985!

THOOOOM!

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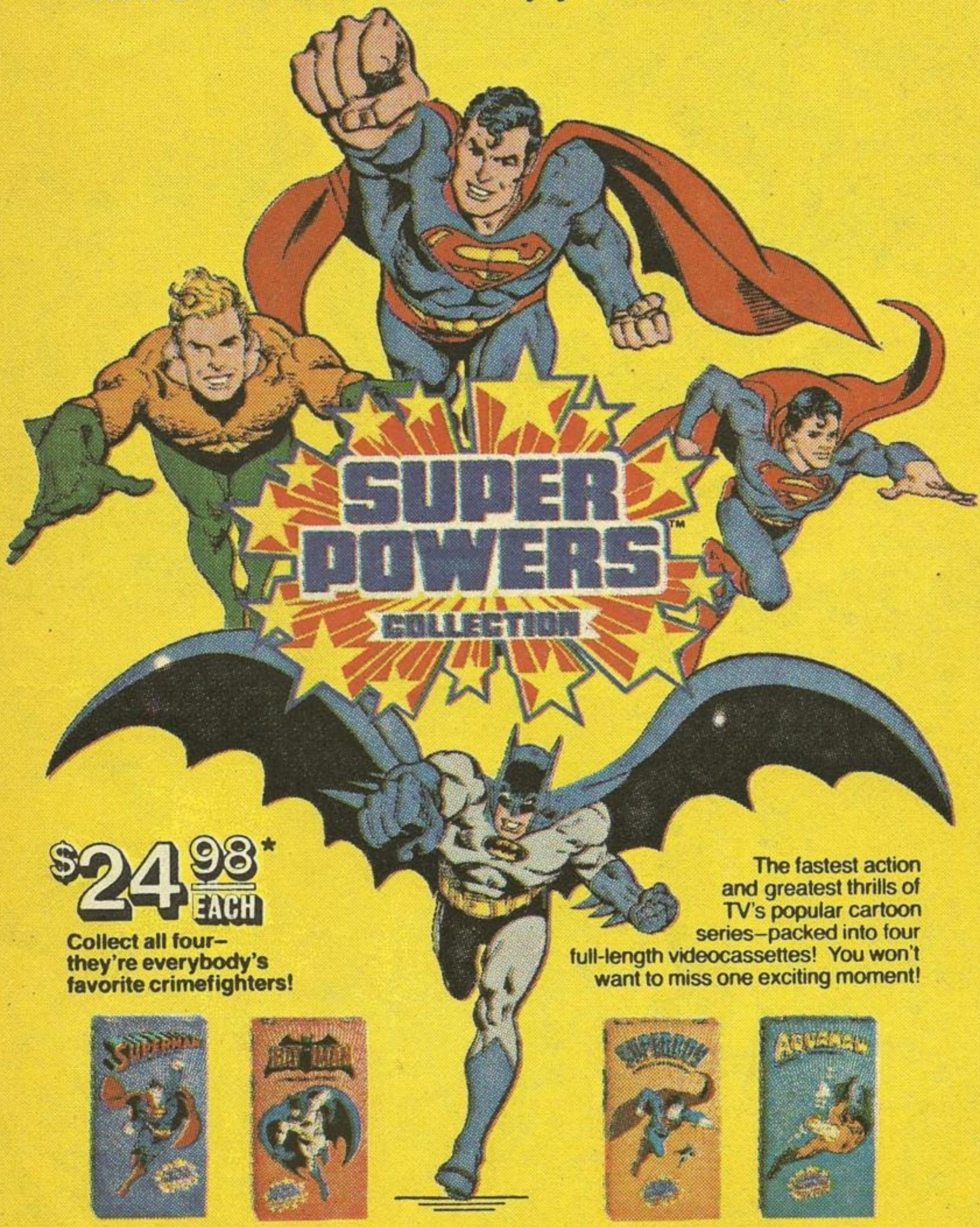

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THERE ARE SEVERAL SECONDS OF SILENCE IN THE PRIMEVAL JUNGLE, FOLLOWED BY THE ALMOST INAUDIBLE CRACKLE OF DISCHARGED ELECTRICITY...

...AND THEN, THE ROAR OF FIRE!

FOOLS! I SHALL KILL YOU ALL FOR THIS! NONE MAY MOCK KALIBAK AND LIVE!

AS DARKSEID'S MINION RAGES, TONGUES OF FLAME THAT SEEM ALMOST ALIVE LAP MENACINGLY AT EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH, CONSUMING THE JUNGLE FASTER THAN ANYONE THOUGHT POSSIBLE...

THE DENIZENS OF THIS ERA FLEE BEFORE ITS RAGING FURY...

STRAIGHT INTO THE UNWILLING ARMS OF THE HEROES!

OH... MOMMA! WE JUST LANDED US IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME BIIIG TROUBLE--!

AMEN TO THAT, ARROW! COME ON, WE'D BETTER FLY OUT OF THEIR WAY!

WE CANNOT LEAVE, HAWKMAN--THESE LITTLE CREATURES DO NOT STAND A CHANCE WITHOUT US!

CHEET

CHATTER

CHITTER

CHIT

CHITTER

MEANWHILE, MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE...

THIS WAITING'S DRIVING ME CRAZY, MANHUNTER. IF ONLY WE KNEW HOW TO ACTIVATE THE TIME-TRAVEL ABILITY OF THIS THING!

BUT WE DO NOT... AND WHILE WE STAND HERE, DOING NOTHING...

...OUR FRIENDS COULD BE IN DEADLY DANGER!

MANHUNTER-- DON'T! WE DON'T KNOW HOW THAT THING'LL REACT TO VIOLENCE!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE, AND THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER'S BLOW CAUSES THE SEED OF DOOM TO ERUPT IN GLARING LIGHT --

--A LIGHT SEEN ACROSS THE MILLENNIA...

AND, AN ETERNITY AWAY...

HOLY HANNAH! SOMETHING'S OPENING UP THE TIME PORTAL! WE'VE GOT TO--

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, GREEN ARROW! WE WOULD NEVER SURVIVE PASSING THROUGH IT IN THAT MINDLESS PRESS!

GREAT SCOTT, MANHUNTER! H-HOW'D YOU DO... THIS?!

THIS IS NOT ENTIRELY MY DOING, OFFICER! OBVIOUSLY, THIS POD IS LINKED TO EARTH'S PREHISTORIC AGE...

...AND WE CANNOT *AFFORD* FOR OUR TWO ERAS TO *MEET*... NOT WITHOUT *DEATH* FOR THE CREATURES--

--AND *DESTRUCTION* FOR US!

YOU GO AFTER THE *BIG* ONES, MANHUNTER--

--WHILE I SEE IF I CAN KEEP *MOST* OF THE SMALLER BEASTS FROM CHARGING THROUGH!

BE CAREFUL, MY FRIEND. AGAINST THIS INVADING ARMY, WE NEED *ALL* THE MANPOWER WE HAVE AT OUR DISPOSAL!

I DISLIKE HAVING TO *HURT* THESE POOR CREATURES. THEY ARE NOT *EVIL*--

--MERELY *FRIGHTENED* FROM BEING THRUST INTO THIS *STRANGE* LAND!

WHAMMP!

BUT THEY ARE A DANGER NONETHELESS, AND *MUST* BE CONTAINED DOWN *HERE*, WHERE THEY CANNOT THREATEN THE POPULATION!

AHH, THAT EQUIPMENT LEFT BEHIND BY A WORK CREW IS JUST WHAT I NEED--!

MEANWHILE, UP AHEAD...

UH-OH! IT'S STARTING TO CLOSE... AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF HAWKMAN AND THE OTHERS! MAYBE I CAN FORCE IT TO STAY OPEN...?

BUT THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY--

--FOR, IN THE NEXT ASTONISHING INSTANT...

ROOOOAR!

NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT!

ROAAAAAR!

MANHUNTER! YOU'D BETTER GET OVER HERE... THIS BRUTE'S TOO BIG FOR ME TO TANGLE WITH!

BY THE STARS! HE IS EVEN TOO LARGE TO BE CONTAINED IN THE SUBWAY TUNNEL--!

A DINOSAUR THAT SIZE COULD DESTROY THIS CITY BEFORE IT IS STOPPED!

MANHUNTER... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! HE'S DOWN THERE!

PERHAPS--BUT NOT FOR LONG! THE CREATURE IS MAKING ITS WAY OUT OF HIS CONFINING SPACE TOWARDS THE STREET--

--AND *THAT* IS WHERE I INTEND TO MEET IT!

ROAR!

BUY

EAT

BUY

FOOD!

BACK, MONSTER! I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO RUN RIOT THROUGH THIS CITY--

THWAP!

--NOR DO I INTEND TO WIND UP AS YOUR *DINNER!*

CHOMP!

NOW, IF YOU *BEHAVE* YOURSELF, I WILL TAKE YOU *OUT* OF THIS NO-DOUBT *FRIGHTENING* SITUATION AND RETURN YOU *HOME*...

WHAAM!

...BUT TO DO THAT, YOU MUST *FOLLOW* ME!

YOU ARE CERTAINLY A *STRONG* ONE, MONSTER--

--BUT *NOT* AS... UGGGH!... STRONG AS MY *MARTIAN*-BORN MIGHT! NOW COME ALONG, BEAST!

ROOAAARR!

MANHUNTER'S GOT THE DINOSAUR. *GREAT!*

...BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO *DO* WITH IT *NOW*?! NO CAGE IS GOING TO HOLD THAT MONSTER! WE'VE GOT TO SEND IT *BACK* WH... IT CAME FROM... BUT H...

WAIT! OF *COURSE*--! THE SEED *AUTOMATICALLY* ACTIVATES THE *TIME PORTAL* WHENEVER IT'S *ATTACKED*... LIKE *SO!*

GOOD THINKING, AQUAMAN! NOW STAND CLEAR--

--WHILE I SEND THIS CREATURE *HOME!*

IN THE PRESENT, THE TIME PORTAL CRACKLES TO LIFE...

22

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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WHILE, IN THE DISTANT PAST...

THERE.! MY BOMBER IS *FUNCTIONAL* AGAIN... SO KALIBAK WILL NOW *LEAVE* YOU, HEROES... EITHER TO *DIE* TRAPPED BY FLAMES OR IN THIS PAST AGE!

WHOOOOOOSSH!

YEEE-OW.! WATCH OUT, GUYS.!

WE CANNOT CATCH HIM ...OR GET TO THE TIME PORTAL BEFORE IT *CLOSES*!

AT LEAST THE FLAMES ARE DYING OUT -- WE'LL BE *SAFE* -- BUT FOREVER STRANDED HERE!

NO... *WAIT* A SECOND, GUYS...

...*LOOK*.! I DON'T KNOW *HOW*, BUT I THINK WE'VE JUST BEEN *RESCUED*.!

THE PORTAL'S OPENING UP *AGAIN*!

THEN LET'S NOT WASTE ANY *TIME*, MY FRIEND... GO FOR IT.!

GREAT THANAGAR... THE ESCAPED DINOSAURS ARE RETURNING TO THEIR ERA -- EVEN AS *WE* LEAVE IT!

UH-*HUH*.! AND JUDGING FROM THE WAY THEM LIZARDS'RE *FLYING*, I'D SAY THE GUY DOING THE RETURNING IS PROBABLY EITHER SUPERMAN, OR --

...OR... *AQUAMAN*?! NAW, NO WAY YOU COULD'VE THROWN THOSE DINOS! SO *WHO*...?

WELCOME HOME, GANG.! I SEE ALL THE LITTLE DINOSAURS HAVE *FOLLOWED* THEIR BIGGER FRIENDS THROUGH THE PORTAL --

--AND *THEY* WERE SENT BY *MARTIAN MANHUNTER*. BUT HE TOOK OFF, TO FOLLOW UP ON A *CLUE* WE FOUND IN *ENGLAND*... *

* A CHUNK OF OTHER-WORLDLY ROCK DISCOVERED LAST ISSUE. --Andy

"...THAT POINTS DIRECTLY TO THE MOON!"

HE IS HERE! I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF HIS EVIL AMONG THESE WALLS...

...AND THERE... HE STANDS! CAN IT BE... HE DOES NOT KNOW I AM HERE?

DARKSEID! I'VE COME FOR YOU, MONSTER!

I KNOW, MARTIAN MANHUNTER. I HAVE WATCHED YOUR APPROACH SINCE YOU LEFT EARTH. YOU HAVE COME TO FIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU?

YOU WILL WARN ME TO GIVE UP MY DESIGNS ON EARTH... OR YOU WILL DESTROY ME, CORRECT?

I WILL DO WHAT I MUST DO, DARKSEID!

THEN BEFORE YOU DO IT, LET ME WARN YOU-- IF I AM DEFEATED IN COMBAT, MY DEADLY SEEDS OF DOOM WILL NEVER BE STOPPED...

...INDEED, THEY WILL AUTOMATICALLY DESTROY THE EARTH IF I AM SO MUCH AS TOUCHED!

CURSE YOU, DARKSEID... YOU ARE LYING!!

PERHAPS... BUT WOULD YOU REALLY CARE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE?

THE BEST HOPE... A SLIM ONE, I GRANT YOU, IS FOR YOU TO DEFEAT THE PODS FIRST... AND THEN RETURN FOR ME LATER!

VERY WELL, DARKSEID--YOU WIN... BUT I, AND MY COMPANIONS, SHALL RETURN FOR YOU! THIS I SWEAR!

AND AFTER THE MANHUNTER IS GONE...

MASTER! I COULD NOT HELP OVERHEARING... IS WHAT YOU SAID TRUE...?!

HA HA! DO NOT BE AS BIG A FOOL AS THE HERO, DESAAD! MY DEATH WOULD DO NOTHING TO THE PODS ON EARTH!

QUITE SIMPLY... I LIED! HA HA HA!

HA HA HA HA HA!

BEST DO ALL YOUR LAUGHING NOW, DARKSEID! FOR WHEN THE END COMES, IT SHALL BE DESAAD WHO IS THE VICTOR...

...AND DARKSEID WILL BE NO MORE! HEH HEH!

NEXT GREEN LANTERN... WONDER WOMAN... DR. FATE... AND THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND in TIME UPON TIME UPON TIME!

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Welcome back to the background section of this mini-series. We will continue to bring you the origins of the various participants in this cosmic drama.

RED TORNADO

A villainous scientist named T. O. Morrow was searching for the best possible way to use his scientific knowledge to bring himself great wealth and power. He first realized that he must rid the world of super-heroes, the only people powerful enough to thwart his efforts. To do this, he struck by constructing an android that would appear to be a super-hero, and once it was accepted by the others, destroy them.

Using his sophisticated and advanced equipment, Morrow constructed the Red Tornado. The android's memory banks were left vague so the android itself did not know its origin. The Tornado suddenly burst into the headquarters of the renowned Justice Society of America and announced its presence.

The JSA was skeptical but welcomed the Tornado until they could see how it performed in action. While the Tornado was swift and powerful, the programming didn't allow it much in the way of inventiveness, and the Tornado was constantly bumbling his way through missions.

Finally, Morrow's program was activated and the JSA was seemingly killed until the timely intervention of the Justice League of America. Together, the two teams defeated Morrow's plans and sent him to prison. The Tornado was finally aware of its evil programming and set about to correct the error by working closely with the JSA, learning from the older veterans such as Dr. Fate.

In time, the world was threatened by a cosmic terror that forced the JLA and JSA to combine forces once more. This time, a bomb had to be manually placed in deep space to prevent the Earth from being destroyed. The Tornado, feeling its android life was useless, made the sacrifice in the name of logic. The combined heroes swore they would remember their colleague.

A few short months later, the android turned up, whole and reprogrammed. Morrow, freshly escaped from prison, intercepted the remains of the android body and rebuilt the Tornado, adding facial features for the first time. Sent back to the heroes, the Tornado was once again unaware that he was programmed to betray them. The JLA was tipped off to the scheme and defeated Morrow again. This time, the Tornado was invited to join the League. The Tornado wanted to learn about being human, now that it had a face, and set about to find a job and an apartment. Its limited but expanding programming didn't give the Tornado much of an imagination, so it chose the name John Smith.

With the help of the attractive Kathy Sutton, an unemployment officer, Smith found an apartment, a job, and a friend. The Tornado was then able to join the JLA on missions and still have a different life to return to, giving it greater exposure to the world. This was also aided by the presence of Traya, a young Middle Eastern girl whose parents were killed in a conflict that ultimately brought in the JLA. Smith thought its life was complete.

Instead, another mission had the Tornado make the ultimate sacrifice again. And one more time it returned, under the control of T. O. Morrow. However, something had happened to the android. Its android body was sent against the JLA and was nearly destroyed by them, but the body casing opened and a living tornado emerged.

This tornado was split in two and the true nature of the Red Tornado was revealed. On a planet called Rann, 25 trillion miles away, an elemental creature lived with a dual personality. The evil side was dominant and this living vortex was called the Tornado Tyrant, which attacked people until stopped by that planet's greatest champion, an Earthman named Adam Strange. Later, the good side proved dominant and the renamed Tornado Champion watched in awe as the JLA helped Adam Strange keep Rann from being overrun by an alien.

The Champion loved the JLA so much and wanted to be a part of the action, it came to Earth in search of them. As the Champion searched, it passed Morrow's original lab and saw the original Red Tornado body being built. The opportunity was too good to pass up and it infused itself into the body. Its true nature was submerged by Morrow's programming, but the recent destruction of the body released the Champion's spirit.

Unfortunately, it released the spirit in two halves—the Champion and the Tyrant. As the JLA fought the Tyrant and kept it from destroying the world, Firestorm used his atomic restructuring powers to rebuild the Red Tornado, infusing both halves once and for all.

Recently, the Tornado came to terms with its alien nature after a conflict with the evil computer entity known as the Construct. The Tornado now recognizes himself as a living person, at peace with his checkered past and fully aware of how "human" he truly is. The Tornado, as Smith, has established an even happier life with both the JLA and his friends Kathy and Traya.

KALIBAK

In the days before the great war between Apokolips and New Genesis, Queen Heggra's son, Darkseid, was scheming for power. He was also scheming for the hand of the beautiful Suli, a bright spot on a very dark planet. Darkseid won Suli's heart and the two married, giving him an even greater reason to achieve ultimate power.

Suli gave birth to one son, Kalibak, who displayed every ounce of his father's internal rage. Sometime later, Darkseid managed to start the conflict between the two worlds and seized the throne for himself. By then, Suli had been killed and Queen Heggra had forced Darkseid into a loveless marriage with Tigra. She, too, bore him a son, this one less beastial, named Orion.

Kalibak was trained by the fiercest competitors on Apokolips. He became a master at unarmed combat and unstoppable at hand-to-hand encounters. Darkseid rewarded him with a beta club, capable of smashing anything in its way. The boy looked up to his father and sought to please him by standing at his side, smashing the enemies, whoever they may be.

While Orion developed a conscience that put him in opposition with his father, Kalibak displayed blind allegiance to Darkseid and his thirst for conquest. Many a time Kalibak has been dispatched to Earth to make way for Darkseid's latest schemes.

Kalibak lives to fight and is always searching for a suitable opponent. Too often, enemies cannot withstand a single punch from Kalibak's fist and armaments crumble beneath the beta club. Recently, Kalibak was rewarded with a space vehicle called the Boulder Bomber, able to hurl Apokolips-made weapons at attackers. Kalibak has come to cherish his new toy and is using it to great advantage on Earth, during his father's latest campaign.

• • • • •

That's it for this month. Return in 30 days as the series reaches the halfway point. It's only a matter of time before Darkseid accomplishes his goal—or will the super heroes be able to stop him? Paul, Jack, Greg, and Andy know, but they're not talking. —Bob Greenberger

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GUEST MEANWHILE...

A LIFE IN THE FUNNYBOOKS

by Roy Thomas

Twenty years is a long time.

But in many ways, it only seems like yesterday.

So maybe it **was**.

Maybe it was only yesterday, instead of late June 1965, that a blond 24-year-old ex-high school teacher and sometime rock vocalist from southeastern Missouri stepped off a plane in New York City—and right into the middle of a taxi strike.

So there I was, my suitcase in one hand, my ostensibly portable electric typewriter in the other, and an ace-in-the-hole graduate fellowship to George Washington University in my back pocket—trudging down Lexington Avenue all the way from the bus depot, far, far away.

Though I was on my way to become assistant editor to the late Mort Weisinger on the Superman line of comics, I was no Man of Steel myself—and by the time I found out I had trudged a couple of blocks too far north and had to retrace my steps with my luggage, that spurned academic career in foreign relations was beginning to look better to me every minute.

'Twas all worth it, though. Those two weeks I worked at DC in summer of '65, I got to meet and chum around with so many people I'd idolized for years.

Guys like Julius Schwartz, Gardner Fox, and the late Otto Binder, who had been pushing Weisinger to hire me, couldn't have been nicer or more supportive.

I still remember (though they have doubtless since forgotten) long after-hours chats with Joe Kubert and Murphy Anderson.

I even remember then-editor Bob Kanigher verbally assaulting me because I was a "fan," and some fan had recently referred to him as wearing a bow tie, something he vowed he had never done.

And if circumstances (including but hardly limited to my very real admiration for a writer/editor named Stan Lee a few blocks away) dictated that I reluctantly quit DC at the end of two weeks, it was not without a fond wish that someday, when the time was ripe, I'd be back.

It took fifteen years, during which time I had a reasonably successful career at Marvel both as a writer and as editor-in-chief. There are probably a few graybeards out there who remember my stints on **The Avengers** (the longest of anybody, ever) and **Hulk** and **The X-Men** ... oh, yes, and on the first ten years of a barbarian named **Conan.**

But eventually these things do come 'round, like the brass ring on a merry-go-round.

And so in late 1980 I rejoined longtime associates like Gerry Conway, Marv Wolfman, Len Wein, Dick Giordano, and others at DC. Hey, and I even got to write stories about my favorite super-heroes of all time—characters like the Justice Society, Captain Marvel, and even (gulp!) the Marvel Bunny!

Of course, by now comic-books were no longer the only things on my proto-Midwestern mind. In concert with Gerry Conway, I was starting a screenwriting career which has seen eight screenplays sold, with more in the works ... and I'd met a redhaired soulmate named Danette Couto (now, I'm proud to say, Dann Thomas) more important to me than both careers put together.

Still, as I take stock after two decades in this crazy field, which is currently exploding outward in a hundred creatively promising directions at once, I marvel (excuse the term) at the good fortune and good friends I've enjoyed.

I've been allowed not only to explore new facets of the legendary JSA (in a mini-series and an upcoming graphic novel), but to create a new and ultimate World War Two super-group, the ALL-STAR SQUADRON.

I've had sword-and-sorcery fun with ARAK, SON OF THUNDER and cartoony fun with CAPTAIN CARROT—and got to own a piece of both pies at the same time.

And INFINITY, INC. has given me a chance to explore what it might be like to be the offspring of some of the most famous and powerful beings on the face of the earth.

The future? Well, I'd like to think I've still got some good years, and some good stories, to look forward to.

Say, another twenty years' worth?

DC CHECK LIST

ON SALE THE WEEK OF JULY 11

☐ **Red Tornado 4:** The android finally gets his life together!

☐ **Batman 388:** Captain Boomerang and Mirror Master invade Gotham City!

☐ **Flash 350:** Double-sized final issue as *everything* gets resolved!

☐ **Superman 412:** Luthor's ultimate revenge convinces Superman the Earth no longer exists!

☐ **Star Trek® 19:** A special issue written by Walter (Chekov) Koenig!

☐ **Amethyst 10:** Once they owned the Gemworld—now they want it back!

☐ **Arak, Son of Thunder 49:** Will the sojourn in China be victorious?

☐ **Omega Men 31:** Elu faces extinction—while the other Omegans struggle with their new lives!

☐ **Legion of Super-Heroes 15:** Dr. Regulus holds the new Legionnaires hostage!

☐ **Super Powers 2:** Can Earth's mightiest heroes escape the past to save the future?

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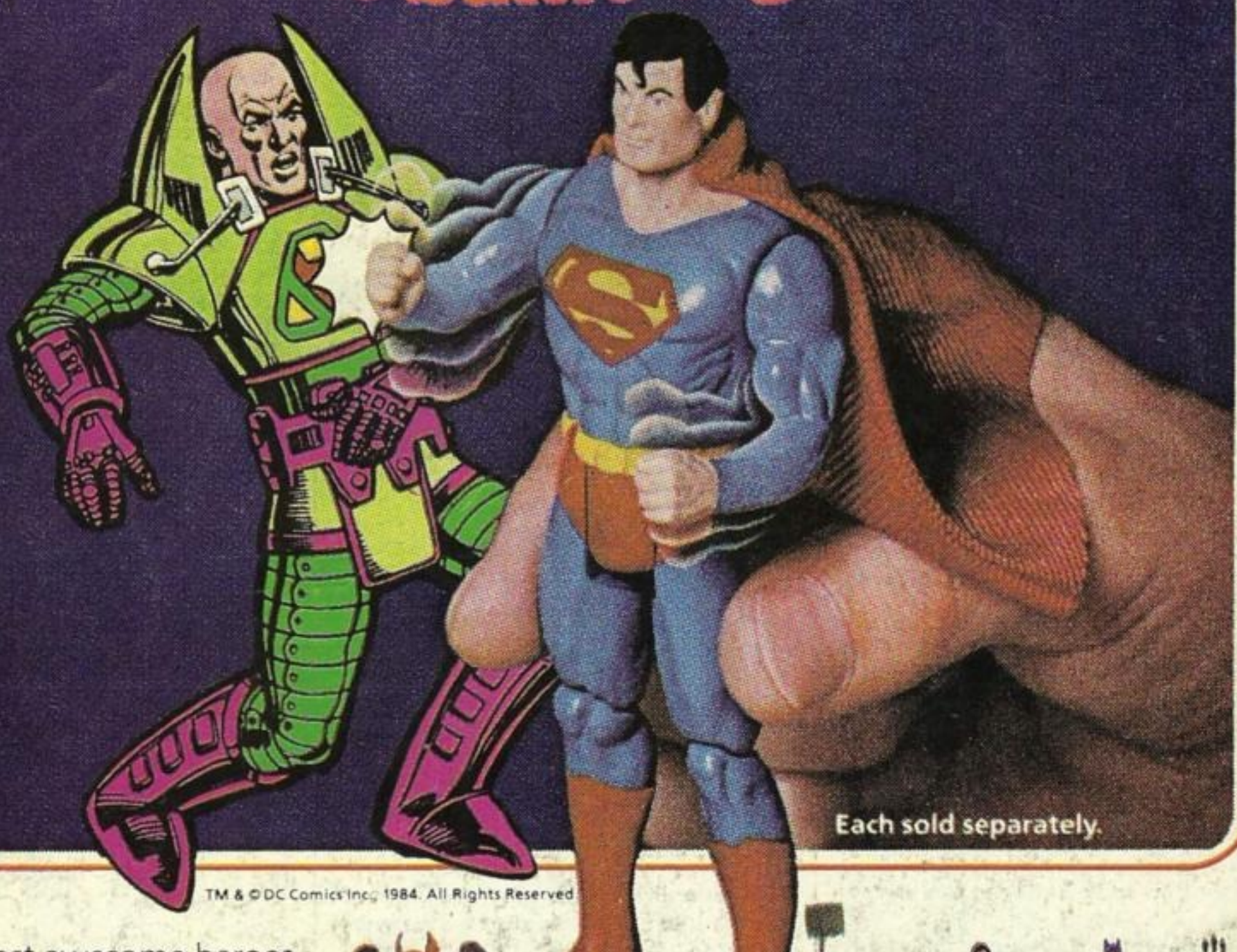

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